



SAYS THE EDITOR

WE DON'T LIKE THIS WAR ON DOGS

We don't like this attitude of the police department, or the Humane Society, for that matter, toward dogs. We have a feeling that when you look at a dog, no matter what your intention toward that same dog, you should look at him with something of the same softness in your eye that he invariably has in his. The Carmel Police department isn't doing that. Vic Renlow isn't doing that. They are getting belligerent toward dogs. To be perfectly frank, they are getting mean about it.

We don't believe that the five members of the city council, when they accepted and passed Argyle Campbell's "non-food contaminating" ordinance with "teeth in it," meant that there should be a belligerent attitude toward dogs. What they did mean was that there should be a belligerent attitude toward some of the senseless, unfeeling and careless owners of dogs.

We feel that if any one of those five members of the city council should himself, or herself, go out after dogs, he or she would do it with a smiling, understanding, sympathetic attitude and not a "we'll get 'em" fixity in their facial expressions. We feel that they should see to it that the delegated power in handling the dog question should be placed in the hands of those who love dogs, want to help them and not hurt them, want to make life easier for them, not harder.

Furthermore, we would like to stand up in the witness chair and declare to the court that to the best of our knowledge and belief no resident of Carmel has ever died through eating food contaminated by Carmel dogs. In fact, we don't know of anyone who has even had a tinge of indigestion through eating food contaminated by Carmel dogs.

Furthermore, we would like to add to this testimony, if the court will permit our expressing an opinion, that dogs have always been part of life and living in Carmel. We would like to state in no reticent terms that dogs have not only been part of life and living in Carmel, but have been a great part of the joy of life and living in Carmel. While at the same time we know of no stomachs injured by dog-contaminated foods, we do know of hundreds of hearts gladdened by dogs. There are scores of children in this village whose lives are made joyful by dogs and whose characters are being partially shaped by the love and service they are bestowing on those dogs. There are equally scores of mature men and women whose days start happier because of a morning "hello" made manifest by a cold nose and a wagging tail.

But the contaminated foods—? Hang the contaminated foods. Let the merchants put their foods where dogs can't contaminate them. We believe that dogs have a priority right to everything within three feet from the ground. We can start from that point on up—even unto the stratosphere—to which some of us, with what seems like less sense than dog-sense, even aspire.

And with this parting shot may we turn to less serious things: Breaches there a dog, be he of the nobility of Domino Yates or the bedraggled scion of a long line of mothers, grandmothers and great

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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14 YEARS SINCE BILLY FRANCE MET KING TUT

Fourteen years ago come Wednesday, Billy France, Carmel fireman, radio expert and fine fellow generally, fried a couple of ostrich eggs for Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter while the three of them sat and contemplated the spot beneath which there lay mummied and buried the last remains of King Tutankhamen, familiarly known as Tut, Old Boy.

Of course, there were more in the party than just Carnarvon, Carter and Billy France—there were, in fact, some 37 others—and eight days after eating the ostrich eggs, cooked by Billy, the whole bunch entered the outer chamber of King Tut's tomb. On February 19, 1923, the tomb itself was opened and what his lordship and Carter and France found in there was suddenly writ in letters of lead on the dawn of a thousand lands.

Every now and then Billy gets out his pencil and figures on the back of a charge slip at the Carmel Hardware store. He figures like this, for instance: It was more than 3,400 years between the time he looked at King Tut and the last time King Tut looked at anybody. Figuring some more, Billy hits us with this one: More than a million yesterdays, todays and tomorrows had slid by and a matter of a hundred generations of mankind had come and gone between King Tut going into that tomb and Billy France going into it.

Billy was 21 years old then (anybody born in 1900 can remember his age quick even after the eleventh cocktail) and he was the cook on the Carnarvon expedition. Of the 40 who entered that tomb in that February 14 years ago there are only five left outside their own tombs. Billy, perhaps it is not necessary to note, happens to be one of them.

Filmarte To Open Again Tonight

Opening its doors tonight with the first picture in a new series of extended runs, the Filmarte will present the top-reviewed United Artists masterpiece, "Rembrandt," which features Charles Laughton in the role of the famous Dutch Master.

The film, which marks the reunion of the star and director-producer combination which gave us the unforgettable "Private Life of Henry VIII," picks up the artist's story in his youth. At that time the world was at his feet and he enjoyed a perfect marriage with the lovely Saskia, who was at one time wife, model and inspiration to him.

The last scenes of the production show Rembrandt in his old age, and Laughton is here said to achieve a makeup as amazing as that he achieved in the final scenes of "Henry VIII."

"Rembrandt" will play the Filmarte for seven days, with two performances nightly at 7 and 9, and with three matinee performances weekly Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday at 2:30. Usual Peninsula first run prices will prevail.

Jean Spence is home from Scripps for the mid-term recess with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. David Spence, in the Country Club.

THOBURN WANTS CITY MANAGER FOR CARMEL; DRAINAGE PROBLEM HAS GOT HIM DOWN, HE SAYS

Jim Thoburn wants a city manager for Carmel.

His job as a member of the city council generally, and as commissioner of streets, parks, playgrounds and sidewalks specifically, has got him down.

He was late arriving at the city council meeting Wednesday night but when he got there he ran into a lot of grief—and most all of it was his own particular grief. That is, it was all up his alley.

Everybody and his sister and uncle seemed to pour communications into the council Wednesday night regarding drainage, and those that didn't, came in. It was a tough spot for Jim, and after coming up for air the first time he ran his hands through his thinning hair and cried out:

"Carmel needs a city manager. This thing has got me down." He looked and sounded for all the world like Jeremiah.

The most important communication regarding drainage, if you consider the general tone of it, and the choice of words, came from Elizabeth McClung White. Miss White is agent for property at Third and Carpenter streets on which, she declared in no uncertain terms, all the water from every point north and east deposits itself whenever it rains. The letter, no doubt, was occasioned by the fact that just recently it has rained, if you know what we mean.

Miss White said plainly and with no mincing of words that the city had better do something about it pronto-like or it would get itself into trouble, was received before the belated arrival of Thoburn at the meeting. It was

discussed pro and con, mostly pro, as all three councilmen present admitted that the situation warranted the epistle, and City Attorney Campbell advised the legislators to get to work on it to protect the municipality from a damage suit. Then it was put aside as a little surprise for Jim.

Then came a communication from the welfare board asking the city to do something about the Louis Narvaez family which insists on living on property which is menaced as to the health of its occupants by the drainage from the city's septic tanks. Mrs. Narvaez, whose husband, a former city employee, died a few years ago, insists on remaining on the property because it was her husband's choice of a home for his family. It seems that offers were made to her, principally by the American Legion, to exchange the property for another location far away from the septic tanks, but she has not yet consented to move. Councilman Rowntree says there is a misunderstanding and believes that she would move if matters were more definitely explained to her.

Then, that communication was laid aside for Jim, and later he got it.

Waiting patiently in the lobby, after one little flare in an effort to help the fire department which didn't get him much, at Robert Stanton. He had a swell grievance. He wanted to know when the city was going to do something about preventing all the water that happened to miss Miss White's property up on Carpenter from pouring

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Our Fire Chief Writes a Nice Letter To City Council Which Straightway Tosses It Out the Window

Request of Robert Leidig, chief of the fire department, and five other officers of the department, that a regular, paid operator be on duty at the fire station at all hours of the day and night didn't get very far at the city council meeting Wednesday night. In fact, it didn't get anywhere at all. The three members of the council present, Mayor Everett Smith and Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joe Burge, treated the communication sent in by Chief Leidig as some sort of a disease-carrying document and would have nothing to do with it. Councilman Rowntree moved that it be referred to the fire commissioner. Whereupon Councilman Burge moved that it be laid on the table. Laid on the table it was—with Rowntree's second.

In the lobby sat Bob Stanton, who, it appeared later, had called for another purpose. But Bob meekly arose (as meekly as one with Bob's Carnera-like stature can rise) and as meekly asked:

"Is that the way to treat as important a communication as this? Shouldn't something be done about it?"

Both of them were good questions, but they could have been studded with diamonds and had no effect on the three august members of our city council.

Bob was not too politely told, in

about so many words, to go on back to Pebble Beach and mind his own business. In less direct English, prompted by Stanton's curiosity in the matter, Burge informed the world that when the police department and the fire department could get together and agree on one central telephone system for the two departments so that "policemen's wives were not called out of bed in the dead of night and sworn at," maybe something could be accomplished toward bettering the situation as regards the two branches of the city government.

The fire commissioner sat mute on the end of his cheroot (see Kevin Wallace in the Chronicle).

The communication from the officers of the fire department, which didn't even get started in the direction of first base, reads, gentle peruser, as follows:

Honorable Mayor and Members of the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Dear Sirs:

Members of the Officers Staff of the Fire Department have realized for some time the necessity of reorganization of the methods of operation of the department.

Elimination of delay in receiving and transmitting of alarms of fire. Elimination of delay in responding

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MILTON LATHAM QUITS AS CITY ARCHITECT

Milt Latham, on January 28, which was last Thursday, suddenly decided that he was sick and tired of being the city architect on the new fire house. He decided that nobody supposed to be working with him on the job was making any effort to get along with him. He had done his best, even to the point of being wounded in the engagement that dropped the roof of the partially-constructed building down to the ground floor on that sad day some ten weeks ago. He had stood a lot, too much, for a man with an amiable disposition such as his. He was going to quit. So he wrote a holographic letter and addressed it to the city council and put it in the mail box. Wednesday night, Saidee Van Brower, our abiding city clerk, read it aloud to three members of the council. They couldn't have been more silent had there been two more of them present. Even the move to accept was a whisper; the second was a grunt, and the ayes "so soft you scarce could hear."

The letter from Milt? Here 'tis: "I hereby resign as architect representing the city on the construction of the Fire House, this resignation to take effect at once."

"I regret the necessity of having to take this action, but am doing so for the reason that I have been unable to discharge my duties in the manner I would like due to unfortunate differences of opinion and conflicts as to authority with certain representatives of your honorable body."

"(Signed) MILTON LATHAM"

Jim, Bill and Blue Move West To Do More Good Work

Now Jim Thoburn, Bill Askew and Blue Askew have moved a block west and are at work narrowing the park strip in the block on Ocean avenue between Monte Verde and Lincoln streets.

This has been a bad block for many years. The automobile parking space on each side of the parked strip has been so narrow that in front of Pine Inn the roadway has been made dangerous by overhanging tail lights and trunks. There have been times when there was hardly room for a car to pass.

But Thoburn is finding the same difficulty in this block that he found between Lincoln and Dolores streets—only worse. Whoever planted the first pine trees down the center of Ocean avenue was cock-eyed or something. The line of trees is a mile off center and the rock border of the parked strip is, or will be, a bit cock-eyed as a consequence. But what matters that—the job is a good one and is being well done and again Thoburn and Askew are deserving of a lot of gratitude.

Some of our young bloods and some who think they are still young bloods, both male and female, are planning to attend the Parilia Ball in San Francisco tonight. We haven't had time to get a complete roster, but the following names will give you an idea of what kind of a thing it will turn out to be: Phil Neabitt, Linda Rooke-Ley, Libby Ley and Malcolm Macbeth.

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grandmothers who all and severally could not say "No," who does not, every day of his priceless life, pay into the bank of human happiness a hundred times more coins than he ever withdraws?

Answer us that!

LOVE ME, HATE ME, BUT NO INDIFFERENCE

"Love me, hate me, but don't be indifferent to me."

We know another one:

"Vanity is as ill at ease before indifference as is tenderness before a love which it cannot return."

The last, if our memory is up to snuff, was pulled by George Eliot in "Romola."

Our vanity is not ill at ease. We are getting considerable love and a satisfactory amount of hate.

For instance, when one of our subscription solicitors presents us, she gets: "No, I don't like THE CYMBAL" from one prospect, or thought-to-be prospect, and "Yes, I like THE CYMBAL," from the next. She doesn't get any "Well, I hadn't thought about it," or "What's THE CYMBAL?"

And take our adversaries in the newspaper field. They stopped being indifferent to us ten minutes after the first issue was on the newsstands on December 4. Now their advertising solicitors are going berserk, acting frantic-like. First they tried telling the Carmel advertisers that any newspaper could get a big subscription list with a subscription price as low as ours was. We can answer that by agreeing emphatically that most any newspaper can, but not THE CYMBAL. There are people in this town to whom we couldn't send THE CYMBAL if it were five cents a year. THE CYMBAL isn't the kind of newspaper some people would take for nothing. Fortunately they are in the great minority here in Carmel as our subscription list clearly shows, but they are here and we like their being here. We don't like them any more than they like us. So there!

Now the argument to the advertisers has taken another turn. They are being told that THE CYMBAL is a flash in the pan; that like other publications that have started in Carmel in the past, it won't last.

Just for the sake of argument, let us accept this silly talk as probable. Supposing THE CYMBAL does cease to be next week, or next month. That doesn't for a minute detract from the quite annoying fact that this week it is going to twice as many paid subscribers as any other Carmel newspaper; that it will be read between now and sunset by about 1500 persons in this section of the state, and that every ad in it will be seen by those 1500. Supposing you walked in to Mrs. Flanders today and said: "Sorry I can't buy a ticket to hear Richard Crooks tomorrow night; I understand he's going to lose his voice next Thursday afternoon." We don't know how Mrs. Flanders reacts to imbecility, but she would think, if she didn't say: "Well, what a nut you've turned out to be."

But, skip it. THE CYMBAL is not going to die; next week, or next month, or next year. It finds itself today in a far different position from what were its two previous experiences. It is, in fact, in a position far different from that of any publication cropping up in Carmel in the past.

Look at the situation, just as our contemporaries are looking at it, and are being upset about it:

THE CYMBAL has today a circulation far in excess of any other Carmel newspaper; far in excess, to be frank about it, of the com-

Women Voters Hear Welfare Talk

On their list of special studies for the current year, the League of Women Voters has placed child welfare prominently, and it was in reference to the problems of juvenile delinquency that Julian Alco was asked to speak at the League dinner last Friday night. Alco's digression to Europe was informative and interesting, but it was that part of his talk pertinent to the problem of the child who has run afoul of the law that had most reference to the actual work of the League.

Alco's interest in the criminal—whether adult or child—stresses the rehabilitation of the prisoner after his release into the world. In this connection, he spoke of the Barstow Boys of England, who are so well trained while in detention that they are in great demand when released. The attitude of Americans to young people who have once offended in, he feels, thoroughly reprehensible in the main. Judge Jorgensen, speaking briefly, agreed that the penalty for misdemeanor was paid after the State had done its duty by society. Problems of reinstatement, of adequate housing, and care for the different kinds of offenders were discussed.

It is the purpose of the League of Women Voters to become fully informed on the subject of the erring boy and girl by studying first the law as it is written, the workings of the Juvenile Courts, the incidence of delinquency in the community of any given unit of the organization and then the most practical and intelligent means of going after it. Excellent work is being done in this branch of the League's activities. The members feel that the California law on this point is an adequate tool with which to work and here in the Monterey County branch the women are thankful for so capable and sympathetic a jurist as Judge Jorgensen.

Judge Mary Bartelme was an honored guest at the dinner.

CATHOLIC STUDY CLUBS ARE ORGANIZED

A branch of the Catholic Study Clubs has been organized at Carmel Mission for the purpose of developing among its parishioners a thorough understanding of Catholic doctrine and liturgy. The officers are Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, president; Miss Virginia Hale, secretary; and Mrs. Jane MacNeil, treasurer.

Meetings will be held on the first and third Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in Crespi Hall at the Mission. From time to time an open forum will be conducted with a speaker from outside. Non-Catholics are cordially invited to attend.

bined circulations of both the other Carmel newspapers in the Carmel district.

THE CYMBAL has printed in the past two months more advertising by far than any second newspaper in the Carmel field has ever previously printed.

THE CYMBAL is publishing today a far more interesting newspaper than has previously been published in Carmel.

THE CYMBAL died the first time because only the last foregoing fact was true. It died the second time because none of the three foregoing facts was true.

THE CYMBAL will live now, forever and ever, because all of the foregoing three facts are true.

You can't kill a newspaper that is good. Above all, you can't kill a newspaper that knows it's good.

—W. K. B.

WHITE CAPS ON RADIO WAVES

KGO—Tonight (Friday) 9 p.m. Music Guild Quartet playing modern American composers honorably mentioned in the Music Guild Competition.

KGO—Tomorrow (Saturday) 10:45 a.m. Metropolitan Opera presents *Aida*. The Columbia Workshop at 5:30 p.m. will experiment with sound effects demonstrating the possibilities in New York's Radio Theatre. The Jam Session at 3:45.

KSFO—Sunday, 12 noon Ernesto, Rumania's foremost violinist and conductor, will play Brahms Fourth Symphony, and his own Roumania Rhapsody.

KPO—General Motors concert, Sunday, 7 p.m.

SCHOOL BUS BREAKS DOWN; EDDIE FILES REFUSES TO HELP

The Monterey High school bus, loaded with potential statesmen, presidents, ambassadors, tap dancers, painters, poets, novelists, housewives and husbands, broke down in front of THE CYMBAL office yesterday morning on the way to the school. We rushed into the Shell station and offered Eddie Files a million-dollar idea:

"Look at the advertising for Shell," we said. "You go out there and get that bus going and we'll write the story."

"Yeah," says Eddie. "And get all those high school kids hating me?"

We give up. We don't understand the trend of youth.

TWO OF OUR FAIR ONES GET INTO IT DEEP

Ruth Holmes and Helene Eichaker put on the skid chains and went skiing last week-end. That is, they put on the skid chain and went where the skiing was—up in the Yosemite valley—but it snowed so hard the stuff couldn't be cleared away fast enough for the ski range, or whatever you call it, to be made discernible.

They drove up last Friday afternoon, ran into snow not far beyond Merced, arranged and re-arranged skid chains which refused somehow to stay put, and just got under the wire at El Portal before the gate was closed.

Then, Saturday, one couldn't use the skating rink for the snow. Ruth says you couldn't see the walls of the valley for snowfall, so thick and continuous it was. But on Sunday they could see things and do things that made their trip a great success.

EVELYN McCORMICK WINS PAINTING AWARD

Evelyn McCormick of Monterey was awarded the silver cup at the Carmel Theatre last Friday night as the winner of the first prize in the local painters' exhibit in the foyer of the theatre. The prize was awarded on votes cast by the theatre patrons. Miss McCormick received 1243 votes for her painting of the Customs House. Celia B. Seymour of Carmel received 1224 votes for her painting, "A Spanish Gentleman," and Charles Bradford Hudson was third with 1210 votes for his oil, "Sunset."

La Collecta Club met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. John Albee. There was a piano solo by Mrs. Albee and a reading by Mrs. Clara Nixon in costume. The birthdays of Mrs. Albee and Mrs. William Chappell were observed. The club donated \$5 to the Red Cross flood relief fund.

O. W. Bardarson Starts Series For Us On Guidance of the Child

(We are glad to announce that Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, has consented to conduct a column on Education for THE CYMBAL. It is his hope and ours that from the material here presented you will be stimulated to inquire further into the exciting phenomenon of contemporaneous education.)

INTRODUCTION TO CHILD GUIDANCE

The helpless babe in the crib is not aware of the destiny that lies before him. On all sides are the factors that will play on his quick responsiveness. The smile, the frown, and the various inflections of the voice will acquire increasing significance as the child learns to differentiate. The wise parent will impose a routine of regularity and create an environment of loving care directed by an attitude of understanding and firm action. Many parents are not wise, however, and the child on his first journey to school may come with many physical and emotional handicaps. In the very beginning the teacher should be alert to the needs of the child and quick to recommend procedures which will enable him to approach normality in all aspects.

A normal child under normal conditions will show a uniformity in growth and development and will adjust satisfactorily to people and situations.

It is the child who deviates from normality in some phase of mental and physical make-up and the normal child who may be subjected to abnormal and emotionally upsetting situations who naturally command special consideration from the standpoint of guidance.

The pre-adolescent child presents a problem because of his extreme individualism and self-centeredness. The adolescent approaching and passing through the stage of puberty is extremely anxious to adjust himself to society but is confronted with personal problems of varying degrees of difficulty. The post-adolescent youth continues this desire for social approbation and has acquired the mental and physical attributes of maturity, yet remains in a period of social and economic dependence.

We cannot solve these natural problems of childhood and adoles-

cence by prescribed dicta or by referring back to a horse-and-buggy age as the criterion of behavior. The examples need to be set in our own period and environment. The planning for the wholesome growth and development of the child is based on knowledge and understanding of the physical, emotional, mental and social factors that determine and influence growth direction.

—OTTO W. BARDARSON

HIGH SOCIAL AFFAIRS ARE CANCELLED

All activities within the classification of social of the Monterey Union High School have been called off for an indefinite time in the future because of the prevalence of influenza. This included the band concert scheduled for Wednesday night and the dance promised for tonight.


Look
IN OUR WINDOW!
In the Carmel Theatre
Building and see the
**Costume
Jewelry**
Art & Gift Shop
Mrs. Carol Edwards

Mexican Music Tonight

Playing and singing the gay, plaintive tunes of their native land, the talented Gomez brothers will be at The Snack this evening... drop in any time from cocktail time on... you'll find the atmosphere friendly, informal... the food, drinks, music all exceptional.

7 Days
Starting Tonight

Filmarte
Carmel



ALEXANDER KORDA presents
Charles LAUGHTON
"REMBRANDT"
with Elsa Lanchester

TWO PERFORMANCES NIGHTLY 7:00 AND 9:00
MATINEE SATURDAY, SUNDAY, WEDNESDAY 2:30

Peninsula First-run Prices

Watch for the light in the sky!

Lloyds Will Make Permanent Home In Carmel

Emeritus Professor Francis Ernest Lloyd and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Lloyd, are returning to Carmel to stay. They will arrive in San Francisco on February 12 from their world tour to be met by their son, Francis Lloyd, and his wife, Marjorie. Their itinerary included six months in Germany, three months in England, three months in South Africa and six months in Australia.

Dr. Lloyd retired in 1934 from the Chair of Botany at McGill University in Montreal and holds the title of Professor M.A., D.Sc., Emeritus. He has just completed a series of public lectures made during his visit in Australia. In the world of science and botany Dr. Lloyd has contributed invaluable works to the knowledge of morphology and physiology of plant life. A distinction that stands out more than any other is his election in 1933 to the Presidency of the Botanical Section of the British Association.

The Lloyds were among the first people to come to Carmel and plant a home. They first arrived here in the Pine Inn stage coach one rainy day in 1906 when it took at least an hour for the coach to come across the hill and the road was merely a trail. They decided then and there that this would be their habitat when Dr. Lloyd retired. This dream has now come true. They will be here this month and Carmel is more than glad to add the name of Lloyd to the register of distinguished people who have come and gone always to return again.

HELEN VYE TO GO PLACES AND RAISE OUR AVERAGE

And whoever wakes in England Finds some morning, unaware... that the rugged hills of California have given way to the sleek sward that is Hampshire, where the cows graze knee-deep in clover and there is a hint of gold underneath everything.

Helen Vye is going first to see George and visit her in-laws, being an out-law. Then, bless us, she is going to the Riviera to join other of our American prominent women. The inn keepers of Cannes have been on edge for months, just waiting for someone like Helen to bring the carriage trade back. HO, ho!

Never mind. She has promised us a bit of fluff from Poyot—no, that's fish—but anyway some kind of akin from Schiaparelli, and a cartwheel from Cartier and various little gadgets such as one always finds strewn up and down the Rue de Pate de Foie Gras.

Seriously, Helen is going to look about and see if Paris has enough really nice things to start a new shop. The sort of nice things that make nice women into the sort of nice women nice men are invariably very nice indeed about.

Now, having thus arrived at that place that is all plush and bubbles, we will let her go and have her fun. But what was the street number of that new House of Vye? And is it next November?

MOSES ESTATE LOTS SOLD BY THOBURN'S

Ten lots belonging to the Moses Estate, five facing on Monte Verde and five behind them facing on Casanova, in the block between Seventh and Eighth streets, have been sold by Thoburn's Real Estate. The buyer and the price have not been announced, but it is understood that the transaction involves a transfer of about \$13,000.

All Reports, Not Counting Kuster's, Say Golden Bough Playhouse Opening in San Francisco Was Great Success

If you listen to Ted Kuster, who came jubilantly bubbling into town this week, the opening of the Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco a week ago Wednesday night was quite a successful affair. In fact, you don't have to listen to Ted. There were a number of Carmel people who went up there to help open it—you know, a group who sort of got itself on hand as a "We know this fellow Kuster, and he's all right" delegation. There were Tilly Polak, Dorothy Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, Tommi Thompson, Sonia Noskowiak, Peter Friedrichsen, Willette Allen, Lauran Chinn, Laura Dierksen—but why go on? That's enough to give you an idea of the support he got.

The point is, that these, or those of them we've contacted, report that whatever Ted reported about the success of the opening of the Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco must have been O.K. if he said that it was big.

The house was full and Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox read

KEVIN WALLACE DOES HIS BIT FOR CHRONICLE

Our own Kevin Wallace breaks onto the front page as well as the third in one issue of the Chronicle this week—that of Tuesday. On Page One we read: "What does the groundhog do on groundhog day?—Read Kevin Wallace on Page 3." We turned to Page 3 and under a snappy little drawing that Kevin undoubtedly executed, we read:

"In verses I'm misunderstood
And spend all my time, chucking wood;
Today I am bade—a
To look for my shadow!
I'd chuck the whole thing if I could."

—Kevin Wallace

We got this far when Wednesday's Chronicle descended upon us with the devastating announcement that Kevin and his drawings and verses are to be a daily feature of the paper. On first glance we would say that Kevin is getting away with something—but more power to him.

TEMPORARY GARAGE PERMIT IS DENIED

San Carlos Motor Service will not be able to build a "temporary" structure on its leased property at Seventh and San Carlos streets unless—

Well, the proposed building, to house a few more cars, would have to be of concrete construction if it is built, and the zoning law would have to be changed to fit the case.

The company asked permission of the council Wednesday night to build a temporary structure, to be used for three years at least, but under the present zoning law a temporary structure on this particular property could only stand there for five months and that isn't long enough to suit the company.

A permanent structure would come under the classification of a garage and would have to be fire-proof throughout.

Alice Meckinstock is coming home from U.C.L.A. to spend the next semester in Carmel. Jean and Alice are graduates of Monterey High.

"Victoria Regina" as ably as only they could read it, and everybody was immoderately pleased.

Then, while the iron was still seething, the San Francisco Light Opera Guild, Reginald Travers, director, presented "Pinafore" on Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday afternoon with considerable success. They are going to do a lot more G. & S. things this year.

The playhouse is really the home lot of the Golden Bough Guild and only its members and their friends, who must have properly constituted invitations, can attend the show there. They are going to do "Shadow of the Glen" one day soon, so Ted says.

And Ted says again that he is coming back here in the summer and try to do something at the Forest Theater and one or two things in his own Golden Bough Green Room on Monte Verde street.

There's something about this man that harks you back to Robert Bruce's spider—it was Robert Bruce, wasn't it?

THE CYMBAL GOES UP TO \$1; PINE CONE DROPS TO 10 CENTS

A most interesting and amusing current item is the fact that in the very week that THE CYMBAL raises its subscription price to \$1 a year, the Pine Cone reduces its to 10 cents a year.

The two papers had widely divergent methods of acquainting the public with these changes. THE CYMBAL, in the frank and open way so characteristic of it, merely announced the increase from 50 cents a year to \$1. The Pine Cone made its change by what might be called the take-a-pencil-and-figure-it-out method.

The Pine Cone offers five magazines and itself for the total sum of \$3, announcing a "\$3 value for \$3." With your pencil and paper, and a little booklet listing the prices of magazines and their clubbing rates, you determine that the five magazines offered have a total clubbing rate of \$2.90. Then for subtraction: \$3 minus \$2.90 equals 10 cents. The Pine Cone, therefore, for 10 cents a year.

THE CYMBAL protests this statement of values. The Pine Cone is worth more than 10 cents a year—much more. Its psychiatry articles are worth that alone.

Fred McIndoe Buys Minges

Fred McIndoe, who last week completed negotiations for the purchase of Minges Grocery and, legally, took possession February 1, started his independent business career with temporary misfortune. He had no more than signed his name to the necessary legal papers when influenza snatched the pen out of his hand and sent him to bed. He was reported well on the road to recovery Tuesday of this week, but on Wednesday suffered a relapse. His condition worried his many, many friends for several hours, but Wednesday night he had passed the crisis and now is said to be getting better.

Fred, a World War veteran who saw the kind of service that gave him a major wound, began running regularly in and out of a grocery store twelve years ago, when he started as a delivery boy for Anderson's, now Ewig's. He continued running in and out of Ewig's store dispatching groceries all over this pine-clad slope until three weeks ago when he decided that it was time to get some groceries of his own and let somebody else deliver them. So, the purchase of Minges.

It is reported that through an arrangement with Vining's meat market, the two stores on Dolores street will be, in a sense, thrown into one. You will be able to buy McIndoe's groceries and Vining's meats without having to go outside and tell the dog to wait another minute or two.

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The Carmel Cymbal

Vol. 6 No. 6

February 5, 1937

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CARMEL CAPERS

Dave Davis, dapper young gentleman rider, was seen at the opening of the Mission Ranch Club, surrounded by a gay group, to whom he was very generously serving Three Star Hennessy Brandy. Our valiant Mr. Davis remained undaunted when, in the course of pouring out a drink for a certain lady and remarking that it was singularly fine liquor, she sweetly replied: "I know it is, I brought it."

George Aucourt, hardy exponent of virility and the great outdoors, has been vigorously hewing trees in a remote spot, far up the Carmel Valley. His numerous friends have these many weeks been denied the vision of his lithe form which they expect soon to encounter on the cover of next month's "Physical Culture."

This same bearded woodsman was slightly sidetracked in his labors the other day when, while attempting to smoke out some bees who had set up light housekeeping in an old tree trunk, the whole tree started to go up in flames.

As soon as he saw that he had a nice start toward complete deforestation, our ever so versatile Georgie transformed himself immediately into a one man fire-fighting brigade—he says the bees, though slightly charred, are doing nicely, thank you, and he had intended to chop down those particular trees anyway.

During the past week, we have been confined to our bed with flu and a consequent almost complete loss of voice. Those of our long forbearing friends, who have neglected this rare and heaven-sent opportunity to air uninterruptedly their own, unworthy views, should be now required forever to hold their peace.

More dramatic news about the Norton-Aucourt lumber project: 'twould seem an eight foot branch fell and cut Norton squarely in the jaw. Bob is pretty tough, however, and, after having fifteen stitches taken in his face, continues to carry on. The tree, we are informed, was already dead.

The honey served at the Mathiot ranch is better than any we have ever tasted, in this country, and is reminiscent of a brand we used to buy in a tiny little shop in Paris, which was the exclusive product of a particular sunny and heather-covered slope of the "Alpes Maritimes".

Jimmy Doud, our last cherished link with romance and historic Monterey, hit town the other day on a short-stop flight.

Take one jigger of courtly, old Spanish troubadour, with a dash of bordello, one jigger of polo-playing, Pebble Beach whoopee, and

one heaping quart of "Old Crow" and you have something closely approximating the venerable squire himself.

Dear Mr. Bassett, may we, an humble contributor, be permitted a small crow also? Our father has just subscribed to THE CYMBAL, thereby doubling overnight our personal reading public! —L. L.

Ornithological notes, with apologies to Laidlaw Williams and Charlotte Lawrence:

Some awfully quaint birds sneak in over our back fence too, dear Charlotte; the wit nit is rather prevalent in these parts and becomes very tame upon cultivation, will eat, in fact, out of one's hand and drink any place at all.

The waddle tit is frequently seen in the environs and is noteworthy for its unusual mating habits on which we promise to report next week. That is, provided we can discover the dear little creature in "flagrante delicto."

The twiddle beak is a delightful little thing but more frequently heard than seen.

The twirle wart is best when left quite to himself as he is a shy little fellow, suffering as he does, from a dreadful inferiority complex conditioned entirely by his own good judgment.

We have mentioned here only the most unusual occupants of our garden, there are many more exotic birds which we shall endeavor to describe in our next issue. —L. L.

CLIPPINGS FROM TILLY POLAK'S FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Bronislaw Huberman, the famous pianist, has founded an international orchestra in Palestine and that Toscanini conducted the opening concert in Tel Aviv. The orchestra consists of about 70 players—amongst whom Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Frenchmen, Hollanders and Americans.

The K.L.M. (Royal Airmail Company in Holland) has a school in its branch in Copenhagen, Denmark, where children are taught to fly in the hangars. They are sitting in a kind of compartment with the control board in front of them. If they pass the examination they are given a certificate as "hangar flyer."

The National Committee for Filmart in New York has awarded second mention as the outstanding European Film in 1936 to "The Zuiderzee" by Joris Ivens, shown here in Carmel at the Filmart last year, and introduced by the maker.

In Sweden a general law was passed in 1905 requiring that all timber cut must be replaced within a reasonable length of time, another in 1923 stipulating that all forest ground be used for the production of timber and prohibiting any of it lying bare or being too sparsely planted.

An engineer in Darmstadt (Germany) has seen his dream come true after twelve years of experimental work. He has invented a typewriter for music. The bars and the notes are typed at the same time. (All we need now is to press a lever and a piano will pop out.)

The British Embassy in Madrid before it moved to Valencia was called "Eton" because it was so difficult to get in. In contrast to this the American legation had the nickname of "Sing Sing"—once in it was hard to get out again.

CLANGING CYMBALS

Born, to the writer of this column, on Sunday morning, January the thirty-first, a White Hyacinth. All around the new-born babe lay the dead of the garden. Once blithe old Castor Bean—sardonic minister to man—hung his seed pods in despair, and the blackened leaves of the geraniums looked mutely and with no perceptible hope, toward their high-hung God. The very earth, soggy and strewn with needles, seemed indifferent to its loves; at odds with osmosis. But, to the lucid rhythms of a Mozart symphony wafting westward from Carnegie Hall, and the flutings of a purple finch dripping down the eaves of the garage, this other miracle also came. Over it, pellucid and serene in its stout green sheath, we hung our head in wonder and awe. And on it we dropped a thrilled and happy tear, for in our garden "Death lies dead."

Dear Mr. Ewig:

The INVITATION you mailed us, and which you have plastered all over town, happens to be the truth. Since this is advertising, the fact seems to us colossal, and we should like to add our unimpeachable testimony. We have been with you, stomach and stipend, for more than two years. You have delivered our meat for us and even our mail and, although you don't mind (or deliver) our babies, we appreciate all this. We always approach your emporium with anticipation—personal as well as gustatory. There, we learn from you how to add zest to our spinach; a bit, now and then, of the latest chit-chat; or why our last meat loaf went, literally, to the dogs. (Some day it may be vouchsafed to us to know why Frank unfailingly bursts into Pantagruelian laughter at the very sight of us). We deem it a touching sight to see you and your goodwife, Ann, go marching together up to Earl Graff's for daily lunch; and we always feel a sense as of soft music stealing over us at sight of this conjugal felicity. Ta-DUM-de-dum, Ta-DUM-de-dum, you know. We admired that impulse which made you wish to cast your own topcoat over the nude shoulders of Mr. Wermuth's marble lady of a late frigid morn. (It is just possible that, according to the lamented Dr. Marsh, you should be a teeny-bit wary of the dark, inner sources of such impulses.) You dance divinely. We enjoy the way in which laughter runs so readily up from your bare suggestion of rotundity. And it fills our own petty nature with shame when we realize that if an occasional infidelity to you does get us in its grip, we have only to confess all and you will stalk right up to the Purity and demand our parsnip and bring it home to us.

You are a wonderful man, Mr. Ewig.

(Signed) An Admirer

That awful word, "gubernatorial", has cropped up again. We detest it. As we said once before, its vowels are too loose.

Because of the exigencies of space, the following chit, which we wrote a week ago last Sunday evening, was held out. A query in the public prints, lately, leads us to hope it may still be of interest, and we are going to let it ride just as we wrote it.

Quoting ourselves:
It is quite beyond our simple comprehension why so few people find any amusement on the beach. Without going into the matter of old stage sets—lambent wave and liquid lion—we should like to make

brief mention of what happened to us this afternoon. During a ramble we encountered there two of God's notable creatures—not counting Laidlaw Williams: a lone fisherman and a squid.

Up to his booted thighs in the Pacific Ocean, the lone fisherman stood there reeling in, one after another, what seemed to us a whole school of fish—shining, bluish bodies straight from the bottom of the sea. Perch. We stopped and admired his catch—discovering in him, of course, the eager boy with his old bent pin. "Would you like one?" he asked. And fishing (pardon) into his basket brought forth the largest and shiniest—all for us.

Did you get a perch practically out of the jaws of Neptune—and free—for dinner today? You didn't.

As for the squid, you undoubtedly know him. A ten-armed, long-bodied cephalopod—and a comical fellow indeed. He carries his body preciously in a sort of fatty sheath, from which emerges his eccentric head. Besides two quite beautiful eyes, he possesses, about where his ears ought to be, a pair of gadgets by means of which he can suck in water and then puff up and blow it out with such force as to propel him along at mighty speeds and with enormous conviction. His ten long arms are equipped with suckers for clasping and tightly muscled ends for grasping. In amongst these is his mouth—most strange of all his oddities. It is shaped exactly like a parrot's beak. So fascinated, indeed, were we by this phenomenon that we grasped it intrepidly and pulled it out for closer inspection. And brought it home, where one and all may see.

It is this chap's giant relative, running to forty-or-so feet in length, who is responsible for one of our most civilized accoutrements—perfume. Along comes a whale, its mouth wide open, and in goes the squid. The great horny beak of this Ommastrephes refuses the ministrations of the digestive fluids and the belly of the leviathan gradually builds about it that prized and stinking matter—ambergris. And milady becomes exotic, ensnares her broker, gets into the Social Register and is then eligible to pose for Chesterfield.

Something of this kind may have been in the mind of that little Emily of Amherst, when she wrote:

To his adroit Creator
Ascribe no less the praise.
Beneficent, believe me,
His eccentricities.

REALLY AMUSING GIFT AT THE "HOUSE OF CARDS": Go in and see Mr. Spencer's woodpecker. At least you'll get a laugh. You can leave that baby on our front door any night.

—LYNDA SARGENT

HELEN NEWMARK BECOMING SUNSET SCHOOL NECESSITY

Ostensibly, and to all outside appearances, Miss Helen Newmark is office clerk at Sunset School and secretary to Principal Bardaron, but Helen is one of those peculiar human beings who can't stick to her job. She branches out. She is branching out now to the joy and benefit of the girls of the school. She is teaching them how to play basketball in the first place, and going places with them over week-ends in the second. In other words, Helen Newmark seems to think it is part of her job to make school life happier and week-ends merrier for Sunset girls. From all reports she is making an admirable success of it. She knows her basketball, having played it and, at intervals, coached it at the University of California, and she understands girls and likes doing things for them. The combination is one of those irresistible things: Helen has come to be about as necessary to Sunset School as the roof, the desks and, we might say, the principal, all combined. The principal, it should not be necessary to add, will undoubtedly concur in this estimate.

+

Mrs. Margaret Grant's wholly absorbing and perspicuous review of V. Sackville-West's book about Joan of Arc added another laurel to Thelma Miller's Book Section meetings of the Woman's Club. Well as we all know the facts about St. Joan's life, none of us who has felt the spell of the Black Forest, stood in a sable-dark courtyard at night in Rouen or listened to voices that were not our own, could but fall under the spell of Mrs. Grant's interpretation of what will always remain one of history's most dramatic epiphenomena.

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INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

LOOKIT! WORDS FROM KAY THE POTTER

Dear Mr. Bassett:

My most sincere gratitude for the Eagle Eye of THE CYMBAL—it has, with unerring accuracy, trailed me to this habitat of clasons (oh, for the peaceful stillness of the Village), Jupe Pluvius, and "three-for-a-dollar" cleaning establishments; and in the midst of the usual (even in Carmel, I do hear) routine of the disgustingly commonplace "flu," I pause in my passionate reverie of "I think I'm gonna die, but I'm afraid I won't" to chortle with unrestrained and spontaneous glee over each and every line. Nostalgia for sandfleas (Now don't tell me you don't have 'em—I went to the beach once) 'n' Bob Norton to stop me for not stopping—you know what I mean—'n' dawgs 'n' Ranny Cockburn's fatherly advice insidiously sneaks up on me with those refreshing accounts of sea lions performing (where were they the two years I was mostly a law abiding citizen?), and Jim Thoburn's flyer into the realm of centered (or maybe it wasn't, according to THE CYMBAL) landscaping; and the opening of the Mission Ranch Club. Now there's some'n I should like to pour \$2 into—it sounds convivial and I am coming back to Carmel for two days next year. Or do they blackball?

I went down the wrong side of two-way Shattuck avenue the other day, and I told the looming minion of the law (did I mention that I miss Bob Norton?) that I'd never seen a train before and was slightly confused. And when I shoved my Carmel driver's license at him, he turned benign and muttered something about "Yeah, nutty, I guess," and I was once more free to wend my way if I could. But something tells me it won't work again.

I note, also by THE CYMBAL, that the new maestro of my former lurking place, the Bali Room, can tootle, or gargle or pound every thing that the rightful tootlers, garglers and pounders can. Well, I'll tell you now—add to all those proficiencies, that cute red tie, and you got some'n. Me—I was sent as a spy of swing by Bob Kinney who used to control fluter under blankets or something there, and I couldn't take my eyes off'n that red tie long enough to hear a single down beat. (My spyship was taken from me, but I didn't make a very good spy anyway, because I can't tell really whether these bands are jamming or not. Can you?)

And I notice, with an excusable pang or two, that Henry Dickinson, who always tinkered with my wheel for me, is carrying on with a truly splendid intensity, so that Carmel will still have a mad Potter to show awed tourists. (I presume there will be some.) My heartiest congratulations to Henry—he's a nize person.

Well, I must close now and hit the crocote bottle—nothing stronger than that allowed near the campus. I am reminded, after this spasm, that I should give the sawbones some'n to charge me another \$3 for. Thank you for this breath of my Carmel. I'll be watchin' next week for ye.

Just

KAY THE POTTER

Berkeley, Feb. 1

DON'T TRIM PLANTS NOW

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

You should put something in your paper on the proper treatment

of frost-injured trees, shrubs and plants. I was astounded to see people (in one case a professional nurseryman who should know better) already at work pruning off the frost-bitten parts. I was just as astounded to find a story in the Pine Cone two weeks ago advising this very thing, for it is the worst possible method to follow and only adds insult to injury.

Nothing should be done to a frost-injured plant until Spring. Above all, do not cut it back. Many plants that would otherwise come through the freeze with only a setback will be fatally injured if they are pruned now. The loss of foliage upsets the balance of the carbon intake from the air (which is through the leaves) with the mineral intake from the soil. To prune this foliage part only aggravates an already unbalanced plant. Furthermore, no one knows at this time just how far back a plant is injured.

Secondly, pruning awakens a plant which might otherwise be dormant, and promotes new growth. Then if we have another cold spell the plant would be in the worst possible condition to withstand it. In the Spring, after new growth has normally started, then all dead wood should be cut out, but until then leave the plant alone. Don't even dig around the roots or do anything to promote new growth. And, above all, DON'T PRUNE NOW.

—H. H. W.

MAKING CRIMINALS

Dear Mr. Bassett:

A mother of boys reading the newspaper, trying to find the world news in the midst of the crime reports, etc., which occupied the conspicuous places on the front page. She put her paper down in despair and sat a while gazing into the crackling morning fire. And she thought:

Suppose we wanted to bring up a criminal clam, how would we set about it?

First: Allow criminals and degenerates of all kinds to propagate themselves without any restriction.

Second: Have plenty of daily newspapers emphasizing and picturing crime in all its phases.

Third: Let boys organize into gangs and play around the streets at night.

Fourth: Give children toy revolvers and machine guns to play with.

Fifth: Show pictures of crime and gangster activities at the movies and play them continuously to children. (In a recent series of pictures ostensibly designed to show that crime does not pay, this was done under a pretense of virtue.)

Sixth: Let adults discuss crime before children and subtly admire the acts of dangerous criminals.

Seventh: Broadcast as much of crime news as possible over the radio and enact small dramas bringing the excitement of murders and hold-ups constantly into the family circle.

At this the mother stopped her thoughts in amazement. Most of these things, she said, are going on in our average homes. What must it be in the neglected areas of our cities? The wonder is, not why boys become criminals, but how any of them escape? —D. H.

ONLY A SISTER COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS

Why, Mr. Bassett!

I never said any such thing. Your accuracy gets less and less all the time. I wouldn't know a "yel-

low-throat" if I saw one. (Just looked it up, though, and find that the real name of the "Pacific Yellow-Throat" is *Geothlypis trichas arizela*. Thought you'd be interested.) What I probably said was: "I never can remember which is the Audubon Warbler and which is the Townsend, but I think the Audubon has yellow on its throat." But trust a crazy newspaper man! He can make an article out of anything. No doubt you're so ignorant that you think a bird with a yellow throat is a "Yellow-Throat". Not so at all. Just as every flower that has a blue bell isn't a "Blue-Bell". And every horse who has a winy isn't a "winner". (But I'll have to look up that last one. Don't quote me.)

May I add that just because I happen to know a lot more about birds than you do does not prove that I am an authority on the subject? Out of the five or six hundred varieties in California, I can name about twenty. So much for erudition!

Yours,

D. Q. B.

A FINE TRIBUTE TO CHARLES CLARK

A gentle soul has passed from our midst. A heart full of kindness and devotion, has ceased to beat. In the passing of Charles Clark Carmel has lost one of its sweetest characters; a man greatly esteemed by all who were privileged to know him.

Amid all the vicissitudes and adversities of a long busy life, of which over fifty years were spent in the practice of his profession as a lawyer and counsellor, his heart was untainted by greed or deceit; untouched by the temptations of a selfish fickle world—firm and steadfast in his principles of right and justice, of honor and fairness.

He was more than a lawyer. He was a comforter, a friend to those in trouble, or burdened by sorrow, who sought his aid and counsel. From his gentle heart flowed, to such, a warm, genuine sympathy.

It is not given that such as he should gather great material wealth or seek the vain glory of world applause. For him, in whose heart sordid thoughts did not dwell, came the greater reward; in the lasting affection of a legion of friends, in whose memory will ever linger a sweet remembrance of this man—this gentle friend of all.

Time touched him lightly, and far beyond man's allotted years, with unfaltering footsteps, he trod life's winding road through sunshine and storm, serene and unafraid. Hope urged him on, and oft, when with weary feet some rocky stretches passed, he came to the smoother paths and Nature smiled, he heard again the song of the mocking bird and visioned the grassy meadows of his youth and the hills of blossoming richness, and his soul rejoiced.

For life to him was only a journey—a pilgrimage—and with abiding faith, with humility and resignation, he smilingly marked the lessening mileposts that guided his footsteps to the valley of Eternal Peace.

Born in Mississippi in 1849, he typified the real gentleman of the south, with all the chivalry and high standards of his early environment.

Mr. Clark was admitted to the bar in 1875, and for many years was located in San Francisco, later moving to San Jose and of recent years had resided in Carmel.

—A FRIEND

TEN YEARS AGO

this week

From The Cymbal, February 2, 1927

The Carmel Land Company, with Paul Flanders as president, Ernest Schweninger as sales manager, and John Kenneth Turner and Yoder Remsen as the rank and file, launched a petition to get a raise in salary for Carmel's one-man police force, Gus Englund. It ran an ad about it on the back page of THE CYMBAL and on our editorial page we praised the idea highly and, as most befitting, without consideration of the advertising, the Carmel Land Company. We don't remember now whether or not Gus got his raise, but we think he did. When we come to that in the back files we will advise you.

"The Saga of Snik" was running in THE CYMBAL at this time. Snik, in linoleum cuts done by Bob Hestwood, and in verse by his brother (Bob's brother, we mean), Harold, was a rat who visited the shops in town from end to end and recorded his reactions. In this issue of THE CYMBAL of February 2, 1927, he recounted his emotional opinion of The Seven Arts in this wise:

Seven Arts
That's too many
One is too much
There shouldn't be any
Oh!
Not even one?
No—
I am Snik
Better if none
They make me sick.

Carl Sandburg was in Carmel. He read his "Abraham Lincoln" at The Theatre of The Golden Bough. Elizabeth Ingels, now affectionately known as Beth, who does the ads for Holman's, was THE CYMBAL's observer at this performance and she didn't think a great deal of Sandburg's reading of his "Lincoln". She said, according to the files: "He was evidently preoccupied—he may have been thinking about the audience, of the sea, the foam and the wind, or perhaps, about his recent visit with Robinson Jeffers."

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Marion Is Helping Direct "The Fool"

George Marion, he of 1934 Serra pageant fame, has joined Clay Otto in the job of whipping into shape the local cast which is to produce Channing Pollock's "The Fool" in the Sunset School auditorium next Friday evening. It is not that the cast of 35 needs any special whipping, but Otto has devoted so much of his time to the directing up to this point that assistance will give him more sleep. Then, too, if any of these multitudinous local critics load their guns and do some shooting when the thing is gone and done, they can have two targets instead of one. Which should raise the average of some of them.

It is reported by the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Community Church, under the auspices of which the play is to be given, that tickets are selling rapidly and there is every prospect of a full house.

Among those in the cast are Suzanne Hedger, Billy Shepard, Relda Maddox, Myrtle Stoddard, Ethel Warren, Guy Koepp, Zahrah Lee Koepp, Thelma Miller, Franklin Dixon, Gene Watson, Elizabeth Todd, Ross Miller, Arthur Hull, Jerome Chance, Harry Hedger, Ted Sierka, Irving Gunderson, Agnes Baker, Edith Griffin, Annette Jacobson, Walter Tuthill, Ross Burton, Hal Bragg.

+

TEENIE TIDBIT SHOPPE NAME WILL CEASE TO SHAME US

Lester E. Swenson, Dorothy A. Swenson and Margaret Bowry, new owners of the so-called Teenie Tidbit Shoppe, informed the city council Wednesday night that they had purchased the so-called Teenie Tidbit Shoppe and asked for approval of the transfer of the business license. But the announcement in their communication that was the most important to us was to the effect that they were changing the name of the place to Lester's Cafe. In fact, the suggestion was made to the council by no less a personage than the editor of THE CYMBAL that the council should strike a medal to the new owners for relieving us of the one stomach-upsetting sign in town.

+

COUNCILMAN BURGE GETS HIMSELF SNOWBOUND

Councilman Joe Burge returned to town last week after a nine-day trip which carried him up as far as Medford, Oregon, and got him snow-bound up in the Klamath Lake district for three days. In the meantime he threw his knee out of place and was limping around on arrival here. He says it was a business trip, but it looks as though he was a trouble-shooter and didn't hit it before it got him.

On his return to Carmel, he put some more gas and oil in his car and carried young Donald Burge, nine summers in age, back to Oakdale, Napa county, where the boy is to stay with an aunt while he attends school there.

+

D. C. ANDRE PURCHASES BELLAS ARTES SHOP

Announcement was made the past week that D. C. Andre, late of Saks Fifth Avenue, has purchased the business of the Bellas Artes Beauty Shop in Carmel. Andre is an artist in the matter of hairdressing and the care of hair and scalp and has given instructions in various sections of the country on his method of treatment.

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

BERNITA NINNEMAN

The third grade at Sunset School is—perhaps you didn't know—on a trip to Mexico. Under the ciceroneage of their teacher, Mrs. Ninneman, they are sailing its lakes, penetrating its forests and making fascinating acquaintance with its people and customs. Standing at the back of the third grade room, surrounded by pottery and basket work and watching the children labor over their weaving—very expert-looking little purses and mats in true Mexican spirit and color—we had the feeling that if we turned around suddenly we should find old seething Popocatepetl right at the back door.

Later, at her charming little house, where we have often lolled about on her Oriental rugs before the fire and talked about Idaho, we found Mrs. Ninneman deep in a book on child psychology. Aside from travelling widely over America, Idaho and California have been the background for most of her life. She makes teaching in a lumber town in the Idaho mountains sound like the wildest tales of Deadeye Dick. Superintendent of a big school of underprivileged children

in some—to us—vague and fantastic country straight out of the movies—we picture her out with the sheriff in all kinds of weather and bleak land, riding herd on a lot of recalcitrant parents, outlawing the beating of young children and just generally being able to handle things.

Mrs. Ninneman is thoroughly fitted for the exacting job she has. This business of picking teachers always reminds us of a saying of one of our American humorists: "The hardest thing in the world is to pick out a good cat; not because there are so few cats but because they are so plenty."

Mrs. Ninneman likes sailing in high bright winds; she knows and wears good clothes; she is genuinely absorbed in the psychological problems of little children and reads a deal on the subject; her first interest is that, getting children as she does at the very emergence from their baby stage, she shall be able adequately to introduce them to the first principles of maturity.

And can she make a stew! Oh, boy, can she make a stew!

A MERE AFFIDAVIT

W. K. Bassett, being duly sworn, does a little deposing and says: The PAID circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL as of the issue of January 29, 1937, was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS in Carmel, Pebble Beach and Carmel Highlands	321
PAID SUBSCRIBERS outside Carmel, Pebble Beach and Carmel Highlands	70
NEWSSTAND SALES	38
	429

(Signed) W. K. BASSETT
Editor, THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of February, 1937.

(Signed) LOUIS S. SLEVIN
Notary Public

And, further, the above PAID circulation of THE CYMBAL of 359 in Carmel, Pebble Beach and Carmel Highlands (adding the PAID subscribers and the newsstand sales) is almost DOUBLE the PAID circulation of the Pine Cone in the same district, and a good 100 or so more than the COMBINED paid circulations of the Pine Cone and the Californian in the same district.

If you don't believe this, ask the Pine Cone and the Californian to make affidavits as to their PAID circulations in Carmel, Pebble Beach and Carmel Highlands. THE CYMBAL will contribute the two fifty-centies for the affidavits.

But you'll find that they won't do it. They'd be fools if they did.

ORDINANCE ACCEPTING FOREST THEATER GIFT IS PASSED

Ordinances which authorize the mayor of the city to accept deeds of gift for ten lots adjoining the Forest Hill school property and 15 lots comprising what is known as the Forest Theater property were passed on first reading by the city council night before last.

The gifts were made to the city in lieu of the payments of delinquent taxes and the land in both instances is to be used for park and playground purposes. The Forest Theater, it is understood, of course, will continue to be available for plays.

POKLEN CHEVROLET CLOSES DOWN

The Poklen Chevrolet Company, housed in the Wermuth building on Ocean avenue near Mission, closed its doors the past week. Strikes and things like that proved a bit too much for a Carmel automobile agency. The going was too hard. E. C. Poklen, head of the company, is joining the staff of the Robley Chevrolet Company in Monterey.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE CALLA LILIES AT MISS POLAK'S

I'm fee'ing most awfully silly
(I've just been down talking to Tilly)

But, sober enough,

It's really good stuff—

Just run down and gaze at her lily.

The James Fitzgerald calla lilies, hanging on Tilly Polak's west wall, where the big blue lamp throws their iridescences out into the air, are really something to go and see. Water color and of a variety in both flow and static which gives a still life its *raison d'être*. We cannot imagine a house of any kind where these beautiful fresh flowers, with their well-plumbed hearts, could not hang at ease, both theirs and all around. And that is one of our ideas of a good picture.

+

MEETING OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES POSTPONED

The meeting of the Sunset School District trustees, scheduled for yesterday, was postponed until next Thursday, February 11.

Group Will Study Plan of Salinas Fire District

A sub-committee of four—Fire Chief Bob Leidig, Bernard Rowntree, Corum Jackson and A. G. E. Hanke—will make a detailed investigation of the fire district plan in force adjoining Salinas preparatory to submitting tentative plans for a local district to the full committee named two weeks ago.

Then it is planned to call a general committee meeting for next week or the week following to discuss this plan and, if possible, hear suggestions from L. R. Bush, chief engineer of the Pacific Board of Underwriters, to whom an invitation has been extended to come to Carmel.

The fire district proposal is gaining daily in adherents among the property owners of the outlying districts of Carmel and it is expected that by the beginning of summer matters will be in a state where submission to the voters will be ready.

+

ROWNTREE WANTS CITY TO GIVE HIM \$12

Bernard Rowntree, member of our city council as an avocation, and insurance agent for food and drink, wants the city to return to him the last \$12 he paid for a license to do his insurance business. In a letter to the council Wednesday night he set forth that everybody from Chief Justice Hughes down to the office boy in Judge Ross' chambers (has Judge Ross an office boy in his chambers?) had rendered him an opinion that the tax was illegal; that insurance agents should not be charged by cities for doing business. But by the look in the side of Argyle Campbell's eye, it was gathered at the meeting of the council that our city attorney doesn't think it's illegal. He didn't say so, because no good attorney says anything unless he has the dope right down in front of his optics, but he's going to look it up. Rowntree's request was hung on the hook until Campbell looks it up.

There is something different about

SADE'S

SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S SADE

But anyway, there is food that more than satisfies; and drink that more than quenches

SADE'S

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Ocean Avenue near Library

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THE
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SAN CARLOS
SOUTH OF OCEAN

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TOWN—YET THE NEWEST

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PAUL MERCURIO
to say nothing of
COURT ARNE

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ARE WOMEN
and women
know food

WALT'S DAIRY
IN CARMEL THEATRE BLDG.

TAXI DAY OR NIGHT CALL 15

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Sightseeing Trips anywhere—17-mile Drive, Big Sur, Carmel Valley, Scenic Drive, Carmel Point, Point Lobos, Highlands

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ROASTS EXTRAORDINARY

Fancy cuts to fit your budget

WEAVER'S
Mission Meat Market

Telephone Carmel 1130-w

The Carmel Cymbol

Carmel Collection For Flood Relief Totals \$2450

Carmel has met the flood relief appeal of Red Cross with its usual generosity. The fund totalled \$2450 yesterday and Chairman C. W. Lee reports that four remittances have been made to National Headquarters during the week. Carmel banks and Red Cross headquarters will continue to receive contributions as long as the need in the flood-area exists.

National Red Cross Chairman, Admiral Cary T. Grayson, wires: "There is need for every single dollar that can be mobilized. The Eleven Million, originally set as the minimum, will not be enough. Chapters are also urged not to stop work even though they exceed by five times, or more, their original quotas. There can be no let down until the stricken thousands of refugees have been given adequate relief and rehabilitation."

Eighteen times the original quota has been raised here in Carmel and the fund now exceeds by four times the quota on the first call for Ten Million dollars for the nation.

Forest Hill School, the Douglas school, Junior Red Cross of Sunset School, Tulareitos School in Carmel Valley are among the contributors. Organizations responding to the relief call were Carmel Woman's Club, Women's Auxiliary, American Legion, Mission Carmelo through its Sunday collection, and others.

Little Nancy Lee Watson came into headquarters last week with the proceeds from her savings bank amounting to \$1.07. She wanted to help some child in the stricken territory.

A number of Red Cross volunteers manned stations in the banks, at the post office and in Carmel Theatre on Friday and Saturday to receive donations. This group was under the direction of Miss Clara G. Hinds.

++

ANNE WALCOTT NURSE IN LOCAL HOSPITAL

When you see on Ocean avenue a quite young feminine person with lovely thick black hair, beautiful brown eyes and a face that more than measures up to them, you are to know that that's Anne Walcott and, if you were in Carmel ten or eleven years ago, you are to speak to her. Because you knew her then as a little girl.

After finishing her nursing education at the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital Anne made a bid for a job in or near Carmel. She got it. She is now on duty at the Peninsula Community Hospital. And thereby Carmel is the richer.

Anne's mother was Louise Walcott (which isn't news to many of you) who made things more exciting and interesting in Carmel eight to twelve years ago by writing plays, directing plays and, best of all, acting in plays. Many a hand has clapped in the building which is now the Filmarte in tribute to Louise Walcott's dramatic talent.

++

TICKETS ALMOST GONE FOR RICHARD CROOKS

Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor, will face a big audience tomorrow night in the Sunset Auditorium. Mrs. Paul Flanders of the Carmel Music Society, which is bringing Crooks here, reports that tickets have almost been sold out.

Crooks is recognized as the greatest tenor of the day and many place him on a par with the greatest of the past. He is able to sing in five languages with complete clarity and diction.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbol would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as it is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidée Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church, (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church, Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 10 days, and Tuesday and Friday evening 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, south from Ocean avenue. Richard Bare, lessee and manager. Re-opens February 3 with showing of the film "Rembrandt."

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theatre. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 3:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone. Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone. Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:30, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4177. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:47 a.m. and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, 7:50 a.m.; south-bound, 9 a.m.; north and south, 9:40 a.m.; north, 1:05 p.m.; north, 4 p.m.; north and south, 6:51 p.m.; south, 10 p.m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a.m.; north and south, 11:10 a.m.; north, 12:09 p.m.; north, 3 p.m.; north and south, 6:58 p.m.; north and south, 7:55 p.m.; south, 9:20 p.m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

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Bennett Makes Big With Legion

When on about the meanest night in years in the matter of weather an exceptionally good audience is gathered together to hear a man make a speech, either the man who speaks has a reputation as a silver-tongued orator or the ballyhoo was far above par.

It so happens that Eugene D. Bennett, judge advocate of the California area of the American Legion, was little known here as far as his possible eloquence was concerned, but it also happens that at the Carmel Legion clubhouse last Monday night he was greeted by a goodly number of Legionnaires who came from as far as Watsonville and King City through rain and hail to hear him.

Which speaks exceptionally well for Corum Jackson, who did the ballyhooing.

But, it developed, that if Bennett should be announced again as coming to Carmel, Corum could sit quietly in the Carmel Realty office and twiddle his thumbs. There would be a good crowd to hear the judge advocate of the Legion without any help from him.

What did Judge Advocate Bennett talk about? We don't know. We weren't there. But we can guess that he said the Legion was a pretty good organization as organizations go; that it was doing a good work and had a lot more to do; that its automobile safety program should be vigorously continued; that Boy Scout work was just the thing and, of course, that Communists are still at large.

The principal thing is that, according to everybody we've talked to who listened to Bennett talk to them, the judge advocate is a fine talker; that he put over all his points eloquently and conclusively, and that the evening proved to be one of the most successful gatherings of the kind the Carmel Legion has had in many a day.

++

Robinson Jeffers will serve with Prof. Hardin Craig of Stanford and Miriam Michelson on the board of judges to make the James D. Phelan awards in literature and art for 1937-1938. The awards are two \$1,000 fellowships and were provided for in the will of the late United States senator from California.

Business Directory

ARGYLL CAMPBELL
SHELBURN ROBISON

Attorneys-at-Law

Post Office Building • Carmel

Cypress Motor Sales
Peninsula Oldsmobile Dealer

James J. Regan
Carmel Representative

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\$6500 BARGAIN—Brand new home on a 60 x 140 lot, 3 bedrooms, tub bath and a shower bath, large kitchen and service porch, garage. Rustic type in setting of beautiful trees. Beautiful stone fireplace in Living Room and Bedroom. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66.

DO YOU NEED CASH? We buy anything of value—antiques, old books, old manuscripts, stamp collections, coins. Charles Frank, Jeweler, Dolores Street.

60 FOOT LOT—\$1500.00 buys a fine view lot on Santa Lucia Avenue. \$300.00 down payment, monthly payments to suit, interest 6%. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66



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You haven't
been in

Whitney's

You haven't
"DONE"

CARMEL

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... in more ways
than one

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DINNER

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you like

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BARNET J. SEGAL

OCEAN AVENUE • TELEPHONE CARMEL 63

THOBURN WANTS CITY MANAGER FOR CARMEL; DRAINAGE PROBLEM HAS GOT HIM DOWN, HE SAYS

(Continued from Page One)

onto the Young-Stanton corner at Monte Verde and Ocean avenue. It was another good question.

Stanton implied that there was no necessity of hurry in the matter; that he had been bringing it up from time to time for only ten years, but he would like this council to "make a note of it," so to speak.

Perhaps no one was more surprised than Stanton when he actually got some action, of a sort. The council, with Jim Thoburn present, referred the matter to the committee of the whole with power to act and it was understood that Thoburn is to employ a drainage engineer and decide on a permanent improvement that will divert the flood away from the Young-Stanton property and let it go down the street, perhaps to annoy somebody else or, possibly find its eventual way to the Pacific Ocean.

But as Stanton picked up his Brooks Brothers top coat and his Paul Carroll hat and started for the door, he wasn't so sure the ten-year offensive had gone through to Berlin. He paused on the threshold.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said, and then—"I'll be back later."

(He really did a good job, Jinny. Not as well as Whitney's, but it was good.)

Up jumps Frederic Burt. He and

Mrs. Burt (Helen Ware to you big audiences) have some property up on Santa Fe street. It seems their tenants can't get to and from the places they are paying rent for. You got the impression that some nights they just had to sleep out and look at their bed-containing homes over a mass of gumbo which is in hillocks between their front gates and the main thoroughfare. It seems that the main thoroughfare isn't anything to telegraph relatives about, either. It's only about ten feet wide (Helen Ware furnished these figures) and it's thirty feet or more from the Burt property line, or lines.

The outcome of this little affair, with Helen Ware and her husband, Frederic, interspersing a word here and there, was a splendid offer from Jim Thoburn that if the Burts would provide the oil, the gravel, the inspiration, the hope and the faith, the city would put a scraper into the pot and they'd cut for the deal—no, no, that's some other game—the city would provide the scraper and the labor and fix the street. The matter ended with Helen Ware in deep, whispered communication with Bill Askew, the man who holds Thoburn up until the gong.

Then—But what's the use? Jim says the drainage problem in Carmel has got him down and he wants a city manager.

Our Fire Chief Writes a Nice Letter To City Council Which Straightway Tosses It Out the Window

(Continued from Page One)

to alarms. Safer operation of apparatus in responding to alarms. More efficient operation of apparatus and equipment at fires.

Fourteen years ago (1923) the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific recommended that an engine operator be on duty at the fire station in Carmel, during the past fourteen years the citizens of this community have been paying for the lack of this fire defense measure in their insurance premiums.

During the past fourteen years the burnable values in our city have doubled, yes; quadrupled and the fire hazardous conditions have increased correspondingly.

It is essential, yes; necessary that a capable engine operator be on constant duty, day and night at the fire station.

This will eliminate the delay in receiving and transmitting alarms of fire. This will assure prompt response to alarms. This will assure a safer operation of apparatus in responding to alarms. This will assure more efficient operation of apparatus and equipment at fires. This will assure proper care of apparatus, equipment, hose and quarters.

It's the first few minutes that count in controlling a blaze, a delay of five minutes in attacking a fire may mean the loss of thousands of dollars in property. Inexperienced handling of fire apparatus in responding to alarms, endangers the lives of the men on the apparatus and lives of citizens on the street.

There is no doubt that our volunteer drivers have rendered a valuable service, taking into consideration the limited experience and training that they have had and conditions existing in responding to alarms and operating at fires, their work is highly commendable.

Is it reasonable? Is it just? to expect expert handling of a machine as ponderous, as complicated as a

fire engine by anybody whose experience is a now and then handling of such equipment.

There have been delays in receiving and transmitting alarms of fire, because alarms are usually received two blocks from the fire station, it is then necessary to travel to the fire station and sound the siren before the firemen know there is a fire. On night alarms the delay is extended to the time it takes a person to dress, 99 per cent of all night alarms are received in this manner.

In responding to alarms, the wrecking of the apparatus and injury to the firemen was avoided by the closest margin.

There has been inefficient and ineffective operation of pumping engines at fires. There has been unnecessary damage to apparatus and equipment by untrained operators.

The Fire Underwriters are cognizant of the fire department's methods of operation and charge the city with any failure to keep the fire defense forces up to their recommended schedule.

They recommend that capable engine operators be employed and be on duty, day and night, at the fire headquarters.

We, the officers of the fire department, are fully aware of our responsibilities and urge that action be taken to provide capable engine operators to be on duty at the new fire quarters.

ROBERT G. LEIDIG, Chief
VINCENT A. TORRES, Asst. Chief
P. J. MYLER, Asst. Chief
PAUL MERCURIO, Captain
WILLIAM ASKEW, Captain

Mrs. Ross Bonham of Carmel was Monday night elected president of the Past Matrons and Patrons Association of Monterey chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Nature study intrigues Peleus Reamer. He can be seen most any day, far out on the rocks near his home on the Point, in loud conversation with a school of cavorting sea lions. He has mastered their language and their hoarse "barf-barfs" are entirely intelligible to him. It is rumored that Seeley Winston, the run-away sea lion, was attempting to return to the herd because he feared that Peleus might supersede him in their affections.

A new style note among well-dressed young men about the village is a striking "heavy-weather" raincoat of cellophane, conveniently transparent so that the family of the wearer is easily distinguished.

Loungers along Ocean avenue were startled from their lethargy by the sight of Giddy Phelps, of Hopkins Marine Station, pulling a gay red and blue Flemish cart in which rode his young master, Billy. The tawny Dane seemed quite oblivious of the stir he created. It was Giddy's master who, in the old days of The Theatre of The Golden Bough, used to buy a ticket for him so that he could accompany the family to the movies.

Pinky-Poo Sampson is proud and happy that his mistress has been nominated for membership in the Protective League for the Underdog. Her kindness in dispensing dinners to hungry waifs at the Blue Bird's back door has not gone unappreciated.

Visiting in the village with his family is an interesting Canadian, Udo Macdowall, whose home is in Victoria. Udo spends much of his time with Blue Askew, a fellow Colonial, discussing the affairs of the Empire.

Another welcome visitor is Tim Meyerkort, who is here with his master and mistress who come here every winter.

COMMENTS

Alf Miller of the Pine Cone staff, is hoping to get a radio audition soon so that he can be prepared in case the Barbours should add a pet to "One Man's Family" circle. Alf believes that there should be "a pet in every family."

STATE FIRE OFFICIAL VISITOR IN CARMEL

Harry Strasser, secretary-treasurer of the California State Firemen's Association, was in Carmel with Mrs. Strasser over a day the past week. Paul Mercurio, a captain in the Carmel Fire Department, and, incidentally, a vice-president in the State organization, was host. Paul took Mr. and Mrs. Strasser about town, explained our fire problems, showed them our new fire station in the making, and listened to what the state secretary had to say about fire prevention legislation which is also in the making at Sacramento. In the party also were Captain Elmer Anderson of the Salinas Fire Department, and Mrs. Anderson.

Among a special jury panel of 35 drawn from a list of Monterey county citizens are Ernest J. Atter, Charles L. Berkey and Edwin H. Ewig of Carmel. They were to report at Salinas yesterday for service.

DOG-CATCHERS GET GOOD AND RAINED ON—GOOD OLD RAIN

The god of dogs connived with Jupe Pluvius last Saturday and frustrated the well-laid plans of Charles Guth and Vic Renslow. Vic had come over with his dog-pound wagon to gather in all unlicensed and unattended dogs he could find on Ocean avenue. He talked Charlie into rendering him assistance. The two of them stood in the doorway of the post office good and early Saturday morning to lay out detailed plans for a campaign. They were determined about it. "We'll rake 'em in," they declared in unison, without much leavening of hard expressions. Then when they had the offensive all down on paper, it rained. It didn't just ordinarily rain; it poured. It didn't just ordinarily pour; it deluged. And it kept on deluging until both Charlie and Vic were compelled to smile. Finally Vic went back to Monterey or Pacific Grove, or wherever he goes when he leaves here, with one little lonesome, pleading-eyed, soft-wailing puppy. So much for that.

CONRAD IMELMAN NOT TO BUILD HOUSE

Conrad Imelman is not going to build a house. He is not going to

build it on the north-west corner of Eighth and Casanova. He is clearing the land because it is fun to clear land. He is chatting with architects because he particularly likes architects. But he is NOT going to build a house. We know because in front of the post office Wednesday night he emphatically told us he was not going to build a house.



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